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WINGS AND SONG.

O BIRD on the spray — fly, fly not away !
Your head's nodding crest, your crimson-hued breast,
Your plumage so bright, appeal to my sight ;
Your small, dainty feet, so tapering, so neat,—
O bird, I would paint you — stay, stay your flight !

But birds will not stay — they fly swift away !
His gold-gleaming crown might be somber brown
For all I can paint, as soaring he sings ;
And, seen in the distance, a bird is all wings !

Come back to the spray — O bird, with me stay !
Sweet bird, can you teach your magic of speech ?
My heart strangely thrills while ripple your trills !
O music of birds, could I learn your words,
The world I would tell how God's love o'erfills !

But birds will not stay — they fly swift away ! —
His words and his note one blended strain float,
And all I can learn, as soars he along,
Is, heard in the distance, a bird is all song !

O cloud—heaven's day—my bird fades away !
Tongue's charm to express—face, form, earthly dress,
Have faded in flight, from hearing and sight !
O world, say of me, when I float as free —
Say, spirit and soul are music and flight !

In heaven's full day, as I fade away,
My spirit-song hear, my soul-flight see clear,—
Say, soul still aspires ! — say, spirit still sings !
As birds in the distance are songs and are wings !

MARGARET B. HARVEY.